

THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JAMES L. W. ELLIS,
[To whom all communications on business must be
addressed, pre-paid.]

TERMS.
Per annum, in advance, : : : \$2 00
In six months, : : : : : 1 25
Three copies, in advance, : : : 50

TO CLUBS
Of 10 the HERALD will be.....\$1 50 per copy
Of 20.....".....".....".....\$1 00
Of 50.....".....".....".....".....75
The money must always accompany the
names of Club subscribers.

ADVERTISING.
One Square, per line or less, first insertion, : : \$0 75
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One square three months, : : : : : 1 50
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One column, one insertion, : : : : : 80 00
One column, per annum, : : : : : 1 50 00

Transient Advertisers will be required to pay
in advance. When an Advertisement is landed in
the number of times it is to be must be
stated, if not stated it will remain in the paper until
ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year
have the privilege of changing and renewing not
exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to
be understood by all—and that all who advertise
will act in accordance with our requirements. In-
stead of trying to lower our prices, the
Advertiser must be willing to pay for the space
he occupies. This is without exception to persons who
have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-
fisted customer than for our liberal patrons, who
are willing to let Printers live.

THE HERALD has an extensive circulation,
and business men will find it advantageous to
make use of its columns as a means of communi-
cating with the public generally.

CASH.
Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN
HERALD our expenses have been considerably
increased, and we are therefore compelled to adopt the
CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to
enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for
CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office-rent, &c., &c.
Could we collect as we go, it would be better for
us as well as for our customers. From those who
advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly.

For all transient Job Work and Advertising, the
money must be paid when the work is done—this
rule is without exception.

THE
FOREST KNIGHTS
OR
Early Times in Kentucky.
BY J. D. NOURSE.

CHAPTER XVI.
The population of the village now
consisted of women, children, and men too old
to go with the warriors to battle. Mary was
at first closely confined the greater
part of the time, and strictly watched dur-
ing the short walks she was allowed to
take. When she came to know fully
what disposition the council had made of
her, and that Marat might be expected to
return in a few weeks, she was eager and
resolved to make her escape if possible.—
She prudently repressed all external to-
kens of her anxiety, and recollecting what
Marston had told her of his conduct while
among the Indians, she treated her guard
in such a manner that supposing her to be
contented with her situation, they began
to relax their vigilance. There was one
eye ever upon her however. It was that
of the young Ottawa Indian, whom Mar-
at, as already mentioned, had brought with
him to the village. This boy, for he was
only eighteen, though stout and active for
that age, had been directed by the Cana-
dian to keep a strict watch upon all the
movements of Mary, with the promise of
a rich reward in case she was kept safely
until her return from Kentucky.

Mary never went out with one or more
of the Indian women that she did not no-
tice this imp dogging her footsteps with a
stealthy but lynx-eyed watchfulness.—
How to elude him she could not imagine,
and week after week passed away, and the
time when Marat might be expected to re-
turn was approaching, and still no oppor-
tunity presented itself of effecting her es-
cape. She thought too of other difficul-
ties which almost plunged her into despair.
She knew of no place of refuge and safety
near to Detroit, and how could she, a
delicate female, traverse the wilds which lay
between that town and the Wyandott village.
Yet any dangers and hardships
would be preferable to the revolting perse-
cutions of Marat, and she resolved to leave
the village at all hazards before his return.

The sister of Warpath had become
warmly attached to Mary, who at length
ventured to open her heart to the young
girl, and to let her joy found the Indian
maiden willing to assist her in escaping.—
The girl had but little regard for any of
the tribe except her own brother, and she was
well satisfied that he would not be dis-
pleased at the deliverance of the captive
from the power of his and her enemies.
She gave Mary to understand by signs and
a few words of broken English, that some
miles below the village, on the same stream,
was a small settlement of Christian Indi-
ans under the care of a Moravian mission-
ary, who would afford her a refuge, or per-
haps read some of his people with her to
Detroit. As for the young Ottawa, who
fortunately was in love with her, she under-
took to keep him out of the way.

As Marat might return at any time, Mary
trembled with suspense, until the Indian
maiden reappeared at the lodge and gave
her a sign to follow. They took their way
down the river in silence for about a mile,
when the Indian girl stopped, and pointing
out to Mary the course she must pursue,
interrupted her expressions of gratitude by
intimating that there was no time to be lost,
as the Ottawa would soon return from the
errand on which she had sent

J. D. NOURSE, Editor.

VOL. 3.

BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, MARCH 31, 1853.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

J. L. W. ELLIS, Publisher.

NO. 11.

BARDSTOWN

HERALD.

JOB-PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the last volume
of the Herald, made several very necessary and
handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which
will enable us to get up our work in a style that can
not fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS,
POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c.,
will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with
Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are
determined to use all means within our power to
please those who favor us with their patronage.

Give us a CALL.

him. She then turned back to the village,
while Mary, keeping within the narrow strip
of woods that lined the river, with a beat-
ing heart walked on briskly, until she saw
before her a small cluster of wooden build-
ings, which, in neatness and external to-
kens of comfort and industry, formed a re-
markable contrast with the village she had
just quitted. She was astonished to find
just a scene in that wilderness. A con-
siderable tract of fertile land was divided
into small fields and gardens which were
carefully and even tastefully cultivated.—
The cabins were well built, and the crevices
between the neatly hewn logs were care-
fully closed with stones and mortar. Here
and there flowering shrubs had been set out
before the doors, and vines were climbing
over the eaves. Apart from the rest, under
some fine trees was a building which Mary
rightly conjectured to be a place of wor-
ship, for it was higher and more capacious
than any of the others and more pains had
evidently been bestowed upon its construc-
tion.

Mary was soothed and delighted by this
scene, so unlooked for in a region of bar-
barism, and she entered the village with
a confident expectation of a kind and hos-
pitable reception. She noticed several
Indians, coarsely but decently clad, en-
gaged in various rural occupations, but the
object that specially arrested her attention
was a very venerable man standing bare-
headed in the door of one of the cottages.
His silver locks were parted over a lofty
brow, and fell down almost to his shoul-
ders. His face was thin and pale, and bore
the traces of severe suffering, long ago
scathed into peace by humble and patient
submission. His eyes had an indefinable
expression, as if the spirit that looked
through them, chastened and refined by deep
sorrow from the last traces of earthly pas-
sion and raised to God and heaven, had no
thoughts for any thing in this life except its
duties and its kindly sympathies. Mary
was awed and at the same time irresistibly
attracted by the aspect of this venerable
person, and at once bent her steps towards
his dwelling. When she had caught his
eye he looked upon her at first with sur-
prise and solicitude; then his face lighted
up with a benevolent smile, as he said in
English, with a slight foreign accent in his
sweet and tremulous voice.

"You look sad and weary, my daughter;
come in and rest, and then you can tell
me what has caused one so young and deli-
cate to be traveling alone and on foot in
this wilderness."

Mary's eyes filled with tears as the kind
old man ushered her into the best room of
his humble abode, and placed a stool for
her to sit down. He then caused his peo-
ple to prepare a simple repast of which he
pressed Mary to partake. To show her
sense of his kindness, rather than from ap-
petite, she ate sparingly of the plain supper,
and in answer to the questions of her host
gave him an account of the circumstances
which had caused her to seek a refuge in
his village, with which the reader is already
sufficiently acquainted. He listened with
compassionate sympathy to her narration,
which seemed to stir in his own soul sor-
rowful memories, for when she concluded,
he heaved a deep sigh, and said "God send
trouble and affliction upon us to raise our
thoughts and hearts to him, and make us
feel that we are pilgrims and strangers, and
have no continuing city here."

The evening closed in, and after the old
man had lighted his lamp several Indians
entered, seated themselves, and remained
silent and attentive, while the pastor read
some passages of Scripture which he ac-
companied with a few plain and feeling
remarks. Then after chanting a hymn to a
sweet yet solemn air which thrilled to the
heart of Mary and kindled a livelier
fever of devotion than the loftiest anthem
had ever done in her bosom, they all knelt
down, and the old man poured out his
thanks for the blessings of the day and of-
fered up the warm and simple petition of
an humble and loving heart for his little
household, and the young stranger who had
sought shelter beneath his roof. He prayed
for strength against sorrow and temptation,
for guidance throughout all the sad and
glorious pilgrimage of life, for a blessed
and glorious reunion with beloved and departed
friends in those realms of light, where the
soft healing hand of the Infinite Father
should wipe away all tears from every eye.
His prayer was very short and his language
very simple, yet Mary could not help re-
marking the singular force and beauty of
some of his expressions. His voice, all
along subdued and tremulous, became almost
inarticulate when he spoke of meeting again
the loved and lost beyond the tomb, as if
hocked with unutterable emotion.

After Mary lay down upon her rude pal-
let that night, in a small room adjoining
that of the good missionary, she was agi-
tated by various and unwelcome feelings.—
Soothed and consoled by kindness and
hospitality, yet at the same time excited by
the recollections of the scenes through
which she had lately passed, she could
scarcely realize that it was not all the freak
of a disordered imagination. Whenever
the thought of Marat and his Ottawa spy
and the Wyandott village, restored to her
recollections all the vividness of reality,
gratitude for her escape and anxiety for the
future on her own account, alternated with
an intense interest in regard to her vena-
ble host, and an eager curiosity to know
his history. She was somehow persuaded
that he had passed through scenes of un-
usual adversity and terrible suffering, and in
such a manner as to leave upon his mind
an impression that neither time nor change
could wear away. She finally fell asleep

with a resolution to learn from his own lips
on the morrow as much of his former life as
he might be willing to disclose.

When she awoke next morning, the first
thing she thought of was her determination
of the preceding night. But the good
missionary was occupied the greater part
of the day with the affairs of his people,
for he was their teacher and counselor in
everything, and the physician of their
bodies as well as their souls. In the af-
ternoon as they sat under the shade of some
fine trees in front of the cottage, he was
giving her an account of some improve-
ments he had lately made, when he hap-
pened to remark that he and his flock had
been driven away some years before from
flourishing settlements on the Muskingum.
She seized the occasion to draw him out
upon the history of his life. We give in
the next chapter the substance of his nar-
rative, supplying omissions from other
sources, especially where the subject was
too painful to allow him to go into detail.

CHAPTER XVII.

Henry Rosenberg was a native of
Moravia, and his family was one of
those who left their homes and estab-
lished themselves at Herdorf, on the
estate of the Count Zinzendorf, in or-
der that they might enjoy, in peace,
their own modes of worship, and their
own religious and social institutions.
The young Henry, at an early age,
manifested uncommon abilities, accom-
panied by an enthusiastic and poetical
turn of mind. Cut off from worldly
pleasures, and surrounded by a com-
munity of humble and spiritual-minded
people, who spent the greater part of
the time, which was not given to pro-
ductive industry, in devotional exer-
cises, he received a strong bias which
grew with his growth and strengthened
with his strength, towards those lofty
themes which are so congenial to a fer-
vid and imaginative mind. But religion
was little more than a poetical senti-
ment with him, until he reached that criti-
cal age when the passions began to de-
velop themselves. His soul was then
shaken by the most terrible conflicts.
He began to be conscious of the vast
discrepancy between his ideal of spiri-
tual perfection, and the earthly and
sensual nature that had risen up with-
in him. He fought off the suggestions
of sensual passion, but they would re-
turn to the assault with fresh vigor.—
He began to think himself the vilest
and weakest of mortals, and from the
depths of his despair he prayed with
strong cries and tears to Him, who
alone was able to save him from per-
ishing in the wiles of the Evil One.

Henry had become attached to a beau-
tiful young creature, with soft blue
eyes, and long flaxen tresses. In his
deep self-abasement he imagined that
even his beloved Sophia, so pure, so
gentle as she was, must look upon him
with abhorrence. His gloom and neg-
lect of her caused the poor girl many
secret and bitter tears. The fact, that
she still loved him quite as deeply and
devotedly as he loved her, accidentally
came to his knowledge, and occasioned
him a new and bitter conflict. He
had found a partial relief from his
mental tortures in a solemn vow which
he had made to consecrate his whole
remaining existence on earth to Him
who had died for him, and his heart
swelled within him at the thought that
he might be the chosen instrument of
carrying the light and glorious bless-
ings of the gospel into the habitations
of darkness and cruelty.

But how could he think of exposing
her to what was so dear to him to the dan-
gers and hardships of a distant and in-
hospitable clime. On one occasion he
poured out his whole soul to her in all
the confidence of reciprocal affection.
He told her of his agonies and his vow;
he spoke with enthusiasm of the glori-
ous work to which he had been called,
and which he must do or perish eter-
nally; he told her that he must soon go
away, perhaps never to see her again on
earth, but that, wherever his lot might
be cast, he would cherish her memory
and live in hope of meeting her in
heaven.

"Henry," said the noble girl, with
her soft eyelashes bedewed with tears,
"I will go with you; I would sooner
die by your side in that distant land
than to stay here and think of you
alone, friendless, perhaps sick and des-
titute of every comfort, with no loved
one near to soothe and console you.—
Fear not for me; God will be with us
and watch over us."

What more could be said. Ages of
bliss were compressed into that mo-
ment. They were married, and soon
after left their father-land to find a
new home among the savages of the
western world. They first settled on
the beautiful Susquehanna, not far be-
low where it rushes forth its youthful
impetuosity and freedom from its
mountain cradle. The missionary and
his young and devoted wife, by their
Christian lives and arduous labors of
charity, soon gathered around them
a considerable number of Indians,
chiefly of the Delaware tribe, whom
they taught the peaceful virtues of Chris-
tianity, and somewhat of the arts and
knowledge of civilization.

They were happy, for all the energy
of their souls, which was not given to
God and their duties, was given to
each other and their only child, a girl,
whose rosy cheeks, laughing blue eyes,
and flaxen curls made her the very im-
age of what her mother had been at the
same age. They saw their little flock
increasing around them, and rapidly
rising from the degradation of barbari-
sm under the kindly influence of that
great civilization of mankind, religion.—
They both had an eye for the beauties
of nature, and they felt, as they looked
upon the forest-clad mountains that
surrounded their wilderness home, the
beautiful valley, already smiling with
the results of their judicious benevo-
lence, and the glorious river which
flashed along before their door, that all
these things belonged to Him whose
servants they were.

Such was their situation during the
greater part of that tremendous strug-
gle between France and England, which
shook the whole world from the banks
of the Ganges to those of the Missis-
sippi, in which the genius and audacity
of the great Earl of Chatham finally
crushed the French power in Asia and
America, and placed the Anglo-Saxon
race in the van of modern civilization.
The little, lovely, peaceful existence of
the Moravian, his family and his flock,
would seem to have been out of the
way of this mighty contest; yet it was
destined to be drawn, a small crystal
drop, showing the prismatic hues of
heaven, into that wild turbid Maelstrom
which was devouring nations and em-
pires. It happened in the following
manner:

The Canadian Indians, in alliance with
the French, extended their ravages as far
as the head waters of the Susquehanna.
One cold night the missionary and his
family were sitting quietly around the blaz-
ing hearth, when they were startled by a
warwhoop. Several Christian Indians
burst into the room, snatched up his wife
and child, and calling upon him to follow,
hurried them away to a rude sheltering
among the hills.

Mr. Rosenberg did not follow, for he
would not desert his people in their ex-
tremity. Running towards the quarter
whence the alarm proceeded, he heard an-
other wild war-cry followed by sharp firing,
and when he reached the spot he found
the enemy flying before a band of Dela-
ware, friends of the English, who had
fallen upon the trail of the French Indians,
and following it to the Moravian village,
had arrived just in time to save it from
massacre and confiscation.

The missionary family was soon re-
established in their comfortable home, and
as they were beloved even by that part
of the Delaware tribe that had refused to
change their manners and religion, the
warriors, who had come to their assistance
so sensibly, volunteered to guard them
against the renewed attack which their en-
emies might be expected soon to make in
revenge for their defeat. Mr. Rosenberg
had another cause of anxiety. His
wife, the day after her sudden flight to the
hills, showed symptoms of an inflammatory
affection, accompanied by high fever.—
She grew worse rapidly, and her husband
soon grew, with unutterable anguish, that
all his care, and the care of the Indians,
who hung round her bedside with affec-
tionate solicitude, must be unavailing.

"My God!" said the poor old man in a
lucky voice, when he came to this part
of his story, "saw fit in his wisdom to chastise
me by taking away the idol of my heart.
On the third day of her sickness she died in
my arms. She had been delirious, in which
her last hours she had been clear and
there was a sweet smile upon her face,
as if she already heard the music before
the Throne. She whispered to me, 'Do
not grieve. I am happy; we will meet
again,' and then she went home to the
bosom of Him who had died for her. They
carried her away to her cold grave. I
came back alone to my desolate hearth,
still not wholly de-olate, for my little
Sophia nestled close to me in my grief
and terror, and I took her in my arms to
soothe her, little thinking that she too was
soon to be taken from me." The old man
paused, for his utterance was choked; his
breast heaved, and the big tears found their
way down his pale and furrowed cheeks,
while Mary wept like a child. When he
recovered his composure he resumed his
narrative.

"My daughter was only three years old,
but her presence and innocent prattle took
off from the weight of the chastening hand
which had been laid upon me. But my
cup of sorrow was not yet drained. Most
of the Delaware warriors were still at the
village, when late one night, or rather in
the morning, I was awakened by a thun-
dering crash of fire-arms, followed by fierce
yells and shrieks of terror and despair. I
sprang from my bed, hurried on my clothes,
and ran towards a small room adjoining,
where my child slept with an Indian wo-
man who had nursed her from infancy.—
It was so dark I could see nothing. A
man brushed by me into the room. I was
about to enter, returned in a moment with
my child in his arms, screaming with terror,
and bade me follow him in the Delaware
tongue, as he rushed out of the house clos-
ely followed by the Indian warrior. I
obeyed, and just as I reached the open air,
a bright flame shot up from among the
cottons which enabled me to see that there
was no one very near me, though I could
hear frequent shots and cries at no great
distance.

The man who had carried off my child
took a direction directly opposite to that
in which the conflict was still raging. I
was pursuing him with as much speed as I
could make when I was struck down by a
random bullet and lost all consciousness.—
When I came to myself, it was still dark,
but I could see by the red glare of the burn-
ing village that I was lying under a shel-
ling rock, among bushes, near the open-

ing of a deep glen that ran up among the
hills. All was silent. I had a dreadful
pain in my head, and felt very cold. All
the scenes I had lately passed through came
back upon me with terrible distinct-
ness. I crawled out of the bushes and
attempted to rise. I gained my feet, but
instantly staggered and fell back. My
head throbbed almost to bursting, and my
former chilliness changed to burning fever.

For days afterwards I knew nothing of
what was passing around me. That I lived
at all was almost a miracle, but it was the
good pleasure of my blessed Master, who
had work for me still to do in this world,
that I should recover. I was found by
some of my people, who had escaped the
massacre by taking refuge in the deep
glen at the entrance of which I had fallen,
and who ventured to return next day to the
ruins of their homes. The affectionate
creatures did all for me that they could,
and to their care and attention, under God,
I owe my life. They patched up for me a
temporary shelter until a comfortable cabin
could be built, to which I was removed.
After I came to my senses I lay many
many weeks helpless as an infant. I asked
my attendants about my daughter, but no-
thing had been heard of her since that
dreadful night, and in the agony of my
soul, I was ready to cry out against Him
who had so greatly afflicted me. But blessed
be His name, He had pity on my infancy
and gave me grace to submit myself hum-
bly to His Providence.

Soon after I had recovered my health, I
removed with my little flock to the banks
of the Muskingum. There we lived quiet-
ly for some years, but the whites, on ac-
count of outrages committed by other In-
dians of the same tribe, without taking the
trouble to inquire whether my people had
any share in them or not, drove us away to
this, the last resting place, I trust, in my
waning pilgrimage.

I have sought my daughter far and near,
but in vain. I know not whether my
poor child be among the living or the
dead. The possibility that she may have
been reared among savages in ignorance
and superstition has been the bitterest of
all my sorrows. Oh! if only I could see
her before I die, and lead her to the Savior,
and implant in her soul the seeds of knowl-
edge and virtue. Though not very old in
years, I feel that my race is nearly run,
and that I draw near to that place where
the wicked cease from troubling, and the
wary are at rest."

Mary had been so much engrossed by
the sad story of her host, that she did not notice
the young Ottawa, who having sent her
back a comrade to the Wyandott village,
and lounged about himself the whole even-
ing, keeping a watchful eye upon the dwell-
ing of the missionary, for what purpose
and with what results will appear hereafter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LORD NELSON.—An English writer tells
several entertaining anecdotes of Lord Nel-
son, among which are the following:—He
was so hot to inflict punishment, and when he
was obliged, as he called it, "to endure the
torment of seeing men flogged," he came out
of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into
the gangway, made his bow to the officers,
and, reading the articles of war, the culprit
had infringed, said: "Bastinado, do your
duty."

The lash was instantly applied, and
consequently, the sufferer exclaimed: "for-
give me, Admiral, forgive me!"

On such an occasion Lord Nelson would
look round with wild anxiety, and as all
his officers kept silence, he would say:
"What noise of you speak for him?—
Avast, cast him off!" And then addressed
the culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle,
remember me," and he became a good fel-
low in future.

A poor man was about to be flogged—
a landsman—and few pitied him. His of-
fense was drunkenness. As he was being
tied up, a young girl, contrary to all rules,
rushed through the officers, and, falling on
her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which
were the articles of war, exclaiming:—
"Pity, forgive him, your honor, and he shall
never offend again."

"Your face," said Nelson, "is a security
for his good behavior. Let him go, the
fellow cannot be bad who has such a love-
ly creature in his care."

This man rose to Lieutenant; his name
was William Pye.

THE POPE AND THE KING OF BAVARIA.
—The Roman Journal of the 11th inst.,
announces the departure of the King of
Bavaria from Rome for Naples on the
10th. King Maximilian has not left a
very favorable impression on the court
of Rome. In his interviews with Pius
IX, instead of kissing the hand of the
Pope, a tribute of respect which even the
arch-heretic Nicholas maintained a
not withold, the King of Russia did
stiff, soldier-like bearing, and contented
himself with paying ordinary civilities
to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The Catholic journals denounce him as half
a Protestant, and the native Roman no
bility have absented themselves from his
leaves.

The following incident "came off"
in a certain poor-house in New Hamp-
shire.

A young clergyman visiting the es-
tablishment seated himself by the side
of a deaf old woman, when this con-
versation ensued:

Clergyman—(shouting)—How old
are you, my good Madam?

Woman—Eighty-eight years old,
come last May!

Clergyman—(in a sad tone)—Eighty-
eight years old! Before eighty-eight
years shall have passed over me, I shall
be food for worms!

Old Woman—(horrid)—Worms,
did you say? Are you troubled with 'em?
I never know'd grow'd-up men folks to
have 'em bad!

The clergyman was observed to come
away very suddenly after that question
and answer!

A Tennessee editor pertinently re-
marks that a liberal use of the rod is
the only way to make boys smart.

Coming to Life.

AN ARKANSAS BEAR STORY.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Who hasn't heard of old Pete Beeves,
the great bear hunter, and the biggest
story teller (I beg his ghost-ship's par-
don, for Pete has gone up to the happy
hunting grounds,) on the other side of
the Mississippi.

Pete used to tell the following Bear
story, and up to the hour of his death
was ever ready to swear by a stack of
bibles as high as cord wood, that it
was true. He'd even bet whiskey on
it, and yet he wasn't much of a betting
man. Pete used to tell it in this way:

"I was down on Cave's Bayou, in a
dug-out, with my old dog Bowler; had
my old smooth-bore along, in course.—
Just as I got along where Grave's cane
is so thick that a rattlesnake can't
crawl through without wearin' off half
his rattles, I smelt bar, and so did
Bowler. I looked and there wer' two
of the cussedest big ones, a he and a
she, that ever you did see, big as two
year old steers, sure as I'm white. I
let drive, and the old he tumbled over,
and the she broke through the cane like
a quarter horse that's flew the track. I
paddled in the dug-out and give the old
he a dig with my knife, and then I tied
the boat's bow-line fast to him to keep
it from driftin' off, for he'd fell close to
the water, and I tied old Bowler in
'tother end to watch my property, and to
keep him from munchin', for that
dog was powerful fond of bar meat, he
was."

"Then I put off after the she. The
cussed critter led me a tremendous
chase—more'n two mile, and that's
some journey in a cane brake—if you
don't believe me try it on."

Then the beast had clum a tree about
seventy feet high, more or less, and
thar warn't a limb between the ground
and the hole she'd got in at.

I never was much at climbin', so I
goin up the she and started back to skin
the old he and go home.

"When I got whar I'd left the dug-
out, it warn't thar! I heard old Bowler
barkin' and yelpin' and I started on
the trail of his noise, and com to a big
tree, and thar I seed a sight that was
enough to make a preacher cuss."

Thar infernal bar had come to life,
and dragged the dug out, dog and all,
purty nigh a quarter through the cane
to a big water oak, or some such tree,
clumb up it forty feet to his hole, tow-
ing the dug-out up, and had gone down
into the hole the length of the bow-
line, and had got the bow of the dug-
out into the hole. The starn stuck
straight out, and in it staid old Bowler,
yelpin' like a wolf. Blame my skin,
if it isn't as true as I'm white.

I know'd I couldn't kill that bar no
more, so I took good aim and shot away
the line that held the dug-out and it
came down and lamed old Bowler for
life.

I dragged the dug-out down to the
bayou, got in and put for home, and
I've never hunted bar in Grave's cane
since."

Thus endeth Pete Beeve's Bear story.
Memphis Express.

The First Steamboat.

To the Editor of the Commonwealth:

MR. EDITOR:—This is the heading
of an article in the Louisville Courier
of Feb. 19th. I was very much surpris-
ed on reading that article, to find that
he who was the first and successful one
that applied to the propulsion of boats,
the power of steam, was not mentioned
therein. "And I cannot doubt that a
review of the whole matter will induce
the writer to do justice to the ingenious
citizen, whose enterprise gave Ameri-
ca its first boat moved by steam." And
who, although a native of this country,
yet, his remains were placed in West-
minster Abbey, London, the place
where the illustrious dead repose.

JUSTICE.

From Alexander's Messenger 1846

Rumsey the First Inventor of Steamboats.

James Rumsey, who is believed to
be the first person that succeeded in
the invention of a steamboat, was a
native of the State of Maryland. When
quite young, he changed his residence to
Shepherdstown, Jefferson county,
Virginia.

Early in life, he was in the mercan-
tile business in Morgan county. In
the summer of 1783, he directed his
attention to the building of steamboats;
in 1784 he succeeded in an imperfect
experiment, which he kept entirely
private, in order to test the principle
of his invention. In the session of
the Assembly of Virginia, in 1784, he
obtained the passage of an act guaran-
teeing to him the exclusive use of his
invention in navigating the waters of
that State for the space of ten years. In
January 1785, he obtained a patent
from the General Assembly of Maryland
for navigating their waters. The en-
tire year of 1785, he was employed on
the construction of his boat; and in
an experiment in 1786, he was quite
successful. He succeeded in propell-
ing his boat by steam alone against the
tide, on the Potomac, at the rate of five
miles an hour. One of the passengers
on board his boat, on that trip, was
Mrs. Mary Ann Baker, mother-in-law
of the late Gov. Gilmer, now alive.
It is also said that Gen. Washington
was on board.

Mr. Rumsey built at Shepherdstown
a small log boat, which is still standing;
to build this house he was supplied
with funds by his brother-in-law, Mr.
C. Morrow, which proved the latter's
generosity. His boat was built on the bank
of the Potomac, near the village. She
was styled by the inhabitants "the fly-
ing boat," and Mr. Rumsey, himself,
received the name of "Mad Rumsey."
Rumsey's boat was about fifty feet
long and was propelled by a pump work-
ed by a steam engine, which forced a
quantity of water up through the keel;
the valve was then shut by the return
of the stroke, which at the same time
forced the water through a channel or
pipe, a few inches square, lying above,
or parallel to the keelson, out at the
stern, under the water. The impetus
of this water forced through the square
channel against the exterior water,
acted as an impelling power upon the
vessel. The reaction of the effluent
water propelled her at the rate above
mentioned, when loaded with three tons
in addition to the weight of her engine,
which weighed one third of a ton. The
boiler only held about five gallons of
water, and needing only a pint at a time.
The whole engine only occupied the
space of five barrels of flour, her fuel was
coal, from four to six bushels in twelve
hours."

After having succeeded in his experi-
ment, Rumsey knew that if he could
only get skillful workmen enough to
build a large vessel, his fortune would
be made, and knowing that he never
would succeed in America, resolved to
go to England. Embarrassments of a
pecuniary nature attended him in Eng-
land, he often was obliged to leave his
main object, and apply himself to
other things, in order to supply himself
with the means to resume it.

THE HERALD.

Bardstown: : March 31, 1853.

All Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.

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We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all, and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements. The Editor of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons; we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a classed customer than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let printers live.

THE HERALD has an extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantageous to make use of its columns as a means of communicating with the public generally.

CASH.

Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased, we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office-rent, &c. &c. Could we collect as we go, it would be better for us as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly. For all transient Job Work and Advertising, the money must be paid when the work is done—this rule is without exception.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The most important subject in our opinion which is now agitating the public mind of this country is the question of State Education. The discussion has been going on for some time and with great earnestness in the powerful States of the North where a crowded and rapidly increasing population makes a provision for general enlightenment a necessity of the most imperative character, and of the most tremendous magnitude. In the slave States where political power is restricted to a class, which bears a much smaller proportion than in the North, to the actual population, and which has for the most part far more leisure and greater average means and inducements to educate their children, the adjustment of this matter has been of less pressing interest and necessity. The discussion however is commencing in Kentucky, which is in every respect a sort of a common medium between the North and South, for the transmission of reciprocal impulses; a neutral ground, as it once was between the Northern and Southern tribes of Indians, where the tendencies of the two sections meet and mingle in the mass of broad and genial intellect, of which the great compromiser, Henry Clay, was the most illustrious example, when he laid one hand upon the South, the other upon the North, and drew the lightning from both, to warm his own great soul, and kindle around him the bright yet mild effulgence of his latter days.

Common Schools, so far as our own country is concerned, are peculiarly a New England institution. It is one of the bequests of the stern old Pilgrim Fathers, whose sons, wherever they have gone in any considerable number, have cherished the system as a most precious heir-loom, consecrated by the blood of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, because essential to the maintenance of those republican liberties for which that blood was poured out so freely. We refer to its origin among the Puritans as a necessary part of its history, because it was to them that it owed the excrement which, until recently, has adhered to it wherever it has been adopted. This was the blending of religious with mental culture,—a vestige of the union of Church and State, and as such, at war with a fundamental principle of American constitutions. We once wrote a book to inculcate upon our countrymen especially a greater respect for the Past than we then supposed them to entertain. From more extended observation and more mature reflection, we have serious doubts whether any such lesson was needed. The world is a slow coach after all, and the ideas of the Past, however worthless, or inapplicable to the present, seem to have more than the nine lives of a cat. It is not more than a year, we believe, since the very able and enlightened Superintendent of Public Instruction in Kentucky, publicly declared that he would rather see the Common School System perish than that the Bible should not be taught in Common Schools. We did not hear him, but we have it from good authority. The idea is that religion must be taught in the same place as reading, writing and ciphering. Now if this idea be well founded, the compulsory study of the Protestant rule of faith and practice, may not strike people as unjust, so long as all or nearly all of them are Protestants. But here comes an ancient Church and says, my people pay taxes for the support of public schools; you admit that religion must be taught in the schools, if so the whole rule of faith ought to be taught in them; my rule of faith includes something more than the Bible, namely the traditions of the Church, therefore if you insist upon teaching the Bible, you ought to allow me to teach also the traditions of the Church. The State cannot say whether the rule of

faith is the Bible alone or includes something more. Westate the argument as it strikes us, and we must confess that it seems to us a clincher. We do not see how its force can be evaded. It seems to have struck a great many people in the same way, for now in the public schools of New York, and we believe, of most if not all the States where they exist,—we know it is the case in Kentucky—the pupils are not compelled to study the Scriptures. But now that the friends of the school system have not only conceded the justice of the Catholic complaint, but have removed or are in a fair way to remove the cause, a large party if not the whole body of that Church, not content with the exclusion of direct religious instruction from the schools, claim their proportionate share of the Educational Fund for the support of schools under their own exclusive supervision and control. It is the general opinion among the decided friends of common schools that such a division of the fund among the various denominations, as our Catholic friends ask for, would be equivalent to an abandonment of the system. Whether this opinion be well founded or not, after the most mature reflection that we have been able to give the subject, we are clearly in favor of maintaining the common school system in its absolute integrity, as a purely civil institution, restricted to the purposes for which it has ever been primarily intended,—the culture of the mental faculties,—the opening of the mind to those sources of knowledge and discipline which prepare a man to exercise the rights and perform the functions of a citizen in a Democratic Republic. We cannot fully explain our views of this matter without some remarks upon the philosophy of civil government, which would too much lengthen this article, but may form an appropriate introduction to another. We do not assume the radical position that a democracy is the only form of government that can rightfully exist, but we do say that it is the best, if it can be maintained. We say further that it cannot be maintained unless the great bulk of the voters, who wield its powers through their representatives, or rather the great mass of those, who in any way exert an influence upon the government directly or indirectly, have intelligence enough to know what they are about; and that the common school system opens the mind to the sources of information, though it does not of course complete the process of education, which goes on as long as a man lives, and retains his mental faculties. And if the system of education, which we have shadowed out, is to be treated as peculiarly American, we shall not flatter the national vanity by claiming that our country has reached the goal of human progress and exhausted the scheme of Providence, as it is likely the Romans or the Greeks may have thought the same of themselves two thousand years ago, but we do claim that America, as she now stands, confronting Europe on one side and Asia on the other with her teeming and busy and thoughtful millions, is at this present writing the vanguard of society, and the most glorious embodiment of whatever is most enlightened and most vigorous, and most promising, in the present stage of human civilization.

We have received another article from *Candidus*, and will wait until he has more fully developed his views before resuming the subject.

For the Bardstown Herald.

The Means of Judging Considered.

As we should have no respect, I said in my last communication, for the notions of men who would become angry, at human institutions in general, and at our Common School System in particular, and desire their destruction because of their being simply imperfect, so we should utterly deprecate and condemn the views of any one who in case that system were found to be essentially deficient and wrong, and important ameliorating changes were practicable, would still be in favor of it and obstinately oppose all attempts to establish something better. If the system be so imbued with absolutism as not to harmonize with the rights of parents and with the just claims of our different religious denominations, it is unworthy of being supported by us; if it be wanting in the proper means to do the good which a sound, progressive school system ought to realize,—to promote virtue, morality, and all that constitutes a good education, and contain elements productive of evil, it should be held by us as a useless, nay an obnoxious encumbrance.

Nothing can be more important than to ascertain the truth in regard to these two distinct features of the subject. As my first communication had reference to the latter, I take it up the first. The nature, the constituent elements of system, and its actual fruits and results on experience must furnish us positive, satisfactory arguments. Presumptive ones are also perhaps derived from the character, principles and ends of some of those who are in favor of it. Let us begin with this minor means of judging of the system.

I said in my first communication: The school system, as it is now amongst us, is a favorite measure with the most unprincipled and dangerous class of men—that represented by the infidel clubs of the country and the clique of the "Tribune," and of the "Times," of New York. This fact tells against the system; it goes to support the view that good results cannot be expected from it; for if the radicals and infidels, or in other words, the enemies of all that

we should most dearly cherish, support so zealously, and so fondly the school system, it must be because they find it conducive to their nefarious ends.—"The validity of this reasoning" has been denied; and it has been contended that as it would be wrong to infer that the radicals, protection to home industry or free trade are productive of evil from the fact of infidels and radicals being in favor of them, so neither can we logically draw this inference in regard to the State education. But there is here a twofold oversight. First, my reasoning is not illogical. There are certainly social and political measures of the tendencies of which you can presumptively judge from the principles and general aims of the parties that are opposed to or in favor of them, such for instance as have necessarily a direct and proximate bearing upon those very aims and principles. Now this is obviously the case with the school system respecting the general aims and the principles of radicals and infidels: it has necessarily a direct and proximate bearing upon them; for it is by education that the individual and the national character are formed, the shaping of the mind and heart of the individual and of the nation depends upon the system according to which education is imparted; and precisely the great and only object of the so called liberals and of the radicals is to reconstruct the whole social edifice upon the basis of their own wild, crude and disorderly fancies. Any system of education must necessarily have a powerful bearing upon that towards which the dangerous class of men, of which we speak of here, are tending, either for or against, either to facilitate it or to prevent it. Your children will either warmly shake hands with the enemies of Religion and Christian virtue, or fly from their company and hold their doctrines in horror according as they will have been educated. Secondly, the proof adduced against the validity of my reasoning has no foundation. There is no parity between railroads, protection to home industry or free trade and a system of education in the respect which is here at issue. Infidels and radicals can vote for or against railroads and other matters of this kind, without implicating their own distinct principles and aims, but not so with a school system. The latter has necessarily a direct and proximate bearing upon their aims and principles, the former evidently have not. The reasoning *a pari*, from parity, here does not hold. All this might easily be extended and rendered still more forcible; but it would be making it unnecessarily long. In the fact then that our system of State education is a favorite measure with a class of men whose philosophy, whose social and political schemes are subversive of order, virtue, and religion, we have a reasonable presumptive proof that that system is unfavorable to religion, virtue, morality and order.

The avowed has been made more than once, that another system now proposed in different quarters seemed indeed to be "the true American system," but that the present one should be maintained, as the last means of sooner or later doing away with the religious sects which divide the country. Let the members of the different religious denominations reflect upon this. It has been said that I overrate the dangers to be apprehended from the class of men of whom I have spoken. I am not accustomed to take stumps for ghosts, and I do not seek the emotions of fear in preference to those of hope. My own predilection is for the confident mood of the gentleman who edits the *Herald*; and I delight in the wise reflections it suggests him. With him I rejoice in the belief of "God," of "the indestructible vitality of His religion and of the overruling guardianship of His providence." And I believe in those points "so strongly" that I am not afraid the radicals and infidels may ever obtain an entire triumph. As to "this satanic majesty belonging to their clique," although I have never seen, in the accounts of their banquets, any toast from him personally, or his own real signature appended to any of their writings, I am very much inclined to believe that he is the faithful companion both of their studies and of their festive rejoicings, and that he does in fact belong to and guides the clique. Nevertheless I believe myself that not even with his aid, will they ever succeed in triumphing over God and His religion. But if unprincipled men have not in their power to obliterate entirely, truth and virtue from the earth, they can, however, certainly do it partially; and they are to be dreaded for this. It is well to bear in mind that they can do this and to have a certain dread of their power. This knowledge and fear can but stimulate the wise to watchfulness, and to the use of effectual means of resistance. Truth and good are the proper objects of man's soul—their possession is his moral life. The destruction of the partial ruin of this life by the loss of truth and turning to evil, is a lamentable disorder, even if realized in one only individual. The doctrines and the influence of those who can effect it then are to be dreaded. How many individuals of the rising generation are exposed to lose their moral life and to fall victims to the deadly disease of error and vice, by the influence of irreligious men, bad philosophers and political utopians, if these be not pointed out to them as unsafe guides and dangerous teachers? A nation is a collection of individuals; its own moral life too is the holding of truth and the loving of good—truth and good in religion, in philosophy, in politics, in arts, in all things. This moral life of a nation can be partially ruined as well as that of single individuals, and by the same agency—the corrupting doctrines

of teachers of falsehood. Abundant proof of it is found in many a page of history, and enough to draw tears from the eyes of the true lover of the human race. It is, therefore, salutary and fortunate for a nation to be aware of the dangers which are to be apprehended from bad philosophers and unprincipled men; and it is but wise to remind her of those dangers, to warn her against such men. The pretended "liberals," you may be sure, will not thank the *Bardstown Herald* for its sound views on government, the right of revolution, toleration political and religious, international right, extension of territory, &c. If they once had in hand the power they desire, they would dictate a very different set of principles. There is no need of being so badly scared at them; but it is as well to keep a sharp look-out. The words of the wisest of the wise: "Beware of the heaven of the Pharisees," contain an important ethical rule no less than a purely religious lesson; and happy those who will keep it in mind and reduce it to practice! they will escape being ensnared, entrapped, and sadly misled, where the others will certainly be so. I hold an unphilosophical and mischievous disposition which seems to be prevalent amongst us, to give always a favorable hearing and a trial to every new theory, to every new system how obviously hostile soever it be to truth and morality. It cannot fail to work against the welfare of the nation; we may become convinced of it when it will be too late. It betrays in fact either a ruinous rashness or a lamentable absence of fixed positive ethical principles. It is but right and wise therefore, to consider the radicals and the so called liberals as a dangerous class of men; and as our school system is a favorite measure with them, no doubt because they find it suited to their own principles and ends, it is reasonable to apprehend evil from it on this ground.

The nature, the constituents elements, and the actual fruits of our State education will next be examined.

CANDIDUS.

Foreign Correspondence.

[Extracts from the Foreign Correspondence of the Philadelphia North American.]

London, Friday, Feb. 25, 1853.

The peace of Europe was never in a more threatened condition than at this moment. The "amicable relations" which are so frequently adverted to by members of the government, certainly cannot justify any now to our position with other European governments. We are openly distrustful by Austria. We have always—at least for a century—stood in an antagonistic position with respect to Russia; and notwithstanding the professions of the Emperor of the French, the increase in our naval armament and army, the enrollment of the militia, and the fortification of the whole coast, show pretty plainly what faith is placed in these professions by the Home government.—Prussia finds it a matter of policy, independent of inclination, to favor the views of Austria; and thus, it may be said that the whole of the Continental powers are disaffected towards England. Daily the breach grows wider, and the events of the past ten days are rapidly extending it, until it promises to become very serious.

The position of Turkey is one of imminent danger. The dismemberment of the Empire is a theory which has long been cherished by Austria and Russia; while Prussia, who would expect to come in for a slice, would not be averse to such an event. Every opportunity likely to tend to such a result is eagerly seized by Austria, and every pretext employed to insult and annoy Turkey which chance or contrivance can give it. The Montenegro question was eagerly taken as an opportunity for concentrating a large body of troops on the Dalmatian frontier, and the despatch of a special envoy to Constantinople with demands couched in a tone of insolence, and an autograph letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph, dictated in imperious terms to the Sultan. These demands were the surrender of the ports of the S. Marina and Klek, on the Dalmatian coast, through which the Montenegrins receive their supplies of arms and ammunition—a claim by Austria to be the protector of Christianity in the East, and a recognition by the Porte of the independence of the Montenegrins. Five days were allowed by Count Leiningen for the ultimatum of Turkey. An additional three days has been asked by the Minister, Faut Elendi. The Ministers of England and France have had frequent interviews with the Ottoman Minister, and have supported him in his determination not to comply with the demands made by Austria. It is, however, rumored that the intervention of France will be asked by Turkey and accepted by France. Whatever the result of this negotiation, England will stand by Turkey. One fact, alone, will compel her. The total amount of wheat imported into England, last year, was about 6,750,000 quarters. Of this large quantity, not less than 3,350,000 quarters were supplied by the East, or at least, came by way of Galatz, from Hungary and Turkey. The absorption of this large empire by Austria and Russia would not be allowed quietly by England or France. Yet there is no question that an effort being made by the three Powers most interested to accomplish this result as quietly as possible. The events at Milan, coupled with an attempted assassination of the Emperor of Austria, have led the foreign governments to believe that these wicked, mad attempts have been concocted in London, which have been forwarded by Austria, France and Russia, to England. That this will have the effect of causing England to expel the fugitives, is not for a moment to be supposed. That any other result will satisfy the complaining government cannot be expected. That the breach between them, now existing, will be lessened thereby, is not likely. Thus we are slumbering on a smoldering volcano. The explosion cannot be prevented; and, when it does take place—which, sooner or later, it will—it is to be hoped that we shall find our houses in order.

Lord Clarendon is now in possession of the seals of the Foreign Office. They were delivered to him on Monday, and he made his appearance in Downing Street on Tuesday. His capabilities for his high office are many. His extensive knowledge of foreign affairs, added to great diplomatic experience, tempered with known moderation, and considerable personal qualifications, which he can bring to the discharge of his duties, will give him, no doubt, facilities for the transaction of the business of his temporal office which few men have. He possesses the confidence of the Queen, his colleagues, and the people, in a marked degree, and with the advantage of the experience of Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Aberdeen, both eminent Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, to aid with their counsel, in any question of delicacy or of difficulty, his management of this department of the government will, no doubt, be eminently satisfactory. At this critical and trying moment, such a man in Foreign Office is an advantage to a nation almost incalculable. Lord John Russell's tenure of office, seven weeks in duration, has not passed without a display of his qualifications for business; and his conduct during this short term, for its energy and the maintenance of the dignity of England, it is said upon good authority, entitles him to great praise.

A question was, on Tuesday night, put to Lord John Russell, whether a secret assistance had been given to those Irish members who had taken office under the present administration, that the government would legislate, in respect to the established Church in Ireland, on the principles of religious equality. Lord John Russell gave a distinct reply that the Government had given no secret assistance to the two members (Messrs. Sadler and Keogh) who had accepted office without any pledge. He also informed Mr. Moore that it was not intended to introduce any such measure as that named, other than a bill on "Misses's money." On the same night, the Peace Society received a severe blow from Lord Palmerston, upon a question from Mr. Hindley, respecting the intentions of Government, concerning some men employed by this society, who had been placarding Buckinghamshire, during the enlistment of the militia, with the picture of a man being flogged, proposing to be a representation of facts described in "the Autobiography of a Working Man." These men had been arrested and thrown into prison, and he (Mr. Hindley) was a serious of knowing what it was intended to do to them.

Lord Palmerston stated that all his proceedings against these agents of the Peace Society, would be abandoned, as their object had utterly failed. His Lordship read an indignant letter from the author of the book quoted, who complained of the use made of his work, which was exactly contrary to its real purport; and after his Lordship had spoken immediately to the question, he said, in direct allusion to the Peace Society, he looked upon the persons composing it as a set of well intentioned fanatics. (Cheers and laughter.) They were much too good to be entrusted with political functions in this wicked and sinful world. (Great laughter.) If he might be allowed to give these pacific gentlemen a piece of advice, he would entreat his honorable friend, the Member of Ashton, as a man of good understanding, practically conversant with public affairs, to induce his preaching colleagues in the Society, to be a little less pious than they had been of late. (Much laughter and cheers.)

The *Quæstio Veritas*, the Maynooth grant, made its annual appearance on Tuesday night, under the superintendence of "the Eternal Spooner," as the Morning Chronicle dubs him, who moved for a committee to consider the act on the subject, with a view to repeal the money grant. Mr. Spooner spoke for two hours, making a most violent attack on Catholicism; and asserting that the education at Maynooth justified his pupils in the violent and almost rebellious conduct pursued at the late election in Ireland. He argued that Maynooth had failed in accomplishing the objects for which it was intended; and further said, that Catholic jurors, from the nature of their teaching by their priests, could not be believed on oath. He concluded his speech by a fervent denunciation of Popery, and called upon the government to stand by its Protestant principles.

An Amendment was moved by Mr. Scholfield, of Birmingham, to the effect that the Committee should consider all accretions whereby the revenue of the State was charged in aid of any ecclesiastical or religious purposes with a view to their repeal. There were many speakers, each, as might be expected, speaking with the bitter acrimony religious discussion always produces. The debate was protracted until past midnight, and then adjourned until the following night, when it was resumed by Mr. Fagan, an Irish Member, who, in company with several other Irish members, among them Mr. Lucas, delivered themselves with that "fervid eloquence" peculiar to Irish members.

Lord Stanley, the son of the Earl of Derby, in an able speech declared himself against the motion, and on a division, the numbers were: for the motion, 162; against it, 192; majority against Mr. Spooner's motion, 30.

An attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Austria, to which we have alluded in the commencement of this letter, occurred a few days since at Vienna.—The Emperor was walking upon the bastion, attended by Count O'Donnell; he stopped to observe some soldiers performing some evolutions. While he leaning over, a man rushed up and stabbed him with a kitchen knife, in the nape of the neck. The glitter of the knife attracted the eyes of the Emperor, and he was able partly to avert the blow. Count O'Donnell at once felt the assassin to the right, while a citizen who, with his wife, happened to be passing, ran up and pinioned the arms, holding him until assistance arrived. The Emperor was not much hurt, and was able to proceed to the palace of the Archduke Albert, when his wound was dressed. Although no danger was apprehended, he was ordered to retire to his bed. The name of the criminal is James Libeny, a journeyman tailor, from Stuhlweissenberg, in Hungary. As he was led away he continually exclaimed, "I am alone—I have no accomplices—I am alone." The truth of this is questioned. Domiciliary visits were paid to the Leopoldstadt, where he worked. Some persons were arrested and some papers seized, but whether any other parties were implicated has not yet transpired. The man was conducted by eight soldiers to the police office, in the Spengergasse. He exhibited the greatest recklessness and effrontery.—He declared that he had cherished this

purpose ever since the year 1850. "My object was not to kill," he said, "but only to give him a blessing." (*Messure*.) He vowed that he acted wholly from patriotic motives, and was quite alone. He is a short, slight man. His age is about 23.

The event has created a great sensation throughout Austria, and the visits of sympathy to the Emperor have been very numerous. It is not expected that the assassin will be shot; but, acting on a precedent, he will be doomed to work in a fortress for life. The fellow shouted many times "Long live Kossuth," and seemed quite removed from any fear of consequences likely to ensue from his atrocious act.—The effects of this deed upon the minds of the Austrian officials at Milan have been to increase the rigor of their restrictions and impositions on the unhappy city.—All communication between Italy and Switzerland is broken off. The gates of the city are closed. No bell is allowed to ring. No singing is permitted even in the churches. No whistling or raising of the voice is permitted in the streets, under the penalty of being shot. Three persons are not allowed to talk together in the street, under the same penalty. Nor dare any one approach within twenty paces of the sentry without the risk of being fired at.—Indeed, an almost uncontrolled discretion is given to the soldiers to fire at any one, and under any circumstances they may deem it necessary to use their arms. Several persons have been hanged, and more shot. One poor fellow, who had gone out to get some milk, found himself suddenly among a number of persons running away. He thought it advisable to run, too. He was seized and hanged, although it was incontestably proved that he had nothing to do with the affair. Milan is like a city of the dead. All the Ticinese subjects in Lombardy are ordered to quit instantly, and 2500 have arrived at the canon of Ticino, in Switzerland, expelled for no other reason than that Mazzini had made his appearance in the canton. Had work not been done by the revolutionists, but peaceful traders, are thus made to suffer for the acts of the few to order. It is presumed that there are upwards of 9000 Ticinese in Lombardy who have had their days allowed them to pack up and quit Lombardy. The canon of Ticino can, however, return the compliment if it dare, there being upwards of five thousand Lombards in the canton. The suppression of the liberal government in the canon of Ticino, the removal of all revolutionary or anti Austrian elements has been for a long time an *idea fixe* of the Military commandants of Lombardy, and but for the interference of England and France these projects would have been carried out long since. France has, however, declared very plainly that in the event of an Austrian Army crossing the Lago Maggiore, it will occupy Savoy. Marshal Radetzky has imposed upon Milan a compulsory tribute of 40,000 florins (\$20,000) and a further tribute, every following Wednesday, until further notice, of 30,000 florins (\$15,000). This is a pleasant state of things for the Milanese, and it becomes a serious question whether by this conduct the Austrians, by the intolerable harshness of their legislation, will not entirely alienate any good feeling which the Milanese might possess towards them, and so further the projects which Mazzini and his party are laboring to achieve.

Below are the proceedings of the Whigs of Bullitt. The time of holding the convention is changed to the first Monday of May, which will give all the counties time to choose delegates. At a meeting of the whigs of Bullitt county, in Shepherdsville, on Monday the 21st March, 1853, for the purpose of appointing delegates to a convention to be held in Bardstown on the 4th of April next, to nominate a candidate for Congress in the 5th Congressional district, James Combs, Esq., was called to the chair, and Robt. M. Smith appointed secretary. The object of the meeting being explained by Wm. R. Thompson, the following resolutions were offered and adopted: Resolved, That James Combs, R. M. Smith, C. C. Kalfus, J. Hogan, James Crow, J. D. S. Peacock, Craven Carpenter, Richard Simmons, Wilkie Carpenter, R. M. Deas, G. W. Magruder, Thos. S. Gure, John Hamilton, Peter Foutman, Peter Shain, Robert M. Lee, N. B. Small, R. L. Moore, J. W. Wellner, Adam Chappiz, Geo. W. Bowman, D. L. Brooks, James Arnold, George Shanklin, S. N. Brooks, Sam. Brooks, George D. Chappel, Wm. L. Barclay, F. M. Thomas, D. B. Whitman, Matthew Wilson, James M. Shanklin, Peyton Burditt, Linton Snapp, James Aldridge, Wm. R. Thompson, Wm. Waters, A. J. Roberts, and Wm. J. Brown, be appointed delegates to represent the whigs of Bullitt county in the Congressional Convention for the 5th district, to be held in Bardstown, on the first Monday in April next. Resolved, That the delegates from this county be untrammelled, and left to exercise their own discretion in selecting the candidate who will secure the most unanimous support of the whigs of this district. Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to the Louisville Journal, Louisville Courier, Bardstown Herald, and Elizabethtown Register for publication. JAMES COMBS, Ch'n. ROBERT M. SMITH, Sec'y.

On the 28th inst., by Rev. J. V. Cosby, Mr. Wm. SUTHERLAND to Miss SUSIE T. MAY.

We return our thanks for the liberal allowance of wedding cake which accompanied the above notice, and heartily wish the donors a future as bright and beautiful as the blooming May of a Southern land.

On the 17th, by Rev. S. A. Baugh, Mr. HENRY WARREL to Miss NANCY EMILY HALL, all of Bardstown. By the same, on the 24th, Mr. SAM'L P. WILLIS, of Shelbyville, to Miss LIZZIE, eldest daughter of Rev. Smith Thomas, of Nelson county.

DIED On Monday night last, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Merimee, Miss ELIZABETH WHITE.

10,000 LBS. OF RAGS! WANTED at this OFFICE, for which the highest price in CASH will be paid.

LOCAL ITEMS.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Messrs. T. & D. Glesner, to which we call the attention of our readers and the public generally. They deserve patronage and we hope they will receive it from those who may need anything in their line. Buy your Coaches, Rockaways and Buggies at home—"encourage home industry."

We understand our Merchants are receiving their spring and summer Goods. The people, by referring hereafter to the advertising columns of the Herald, can find out where the best bargains are to be had.

At the Drug Store of D. J. Wood can be found the most extensive and splendid assortment of PERFUMERIES ever offered to the Ladies of Bardstown and vicinity. The Extracts for Handkerchiefs, &c., he has for sale are the richest and most delicate odors ever before inhaled. We advise our lady-friends to call at his store, and we are sure they will purchase without much persuasion.

Mr. E. S. Watts has just opened a fine assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., which he offers to sell, cut and make up, on very reasonable terms.

We were shown, a few weeks ago, a Plow, the iron work of which was made by Mr. Peter Lydman, and the wood-work by Mr. Jas. McDaniel, which we consider a *chef-d'œuvre* in that line of business.

Mr. J. W. Wilson has opened a Blacksmith Shop at the old stand of J. C. And, and has employed Mr. Thomas O'Neal, the celebrated horse shoer and plow-maker, to superintend it.—This is sufficient guaranty that work will be well done at that shop.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 28th inst., Miss SUSANNA GLESSNER, aged 11 years. She was a kind, affectionate and gentle child, gaining the love and esteem of all who knew her. But alas! she was early plucked from the tree of life,—the angel of death summoning her to a long and happy home. She was just entering into girlhood when the summons came,—her mission fulfilled and the cold and heavy hand of death took her from our midst. But she lives in a holier, a brighter and a more congenial climate. Though here on earth but the being of a day, she has now an inheritance in that land where life is eternal.

The writer was her teacher in Sunday School, and every Sabbath, until the day before her death, she occupied her seat in the class. Finding her absent on that day, I asked one of her classmates where she was? She told me she was sick! The following day came the sad news—"she is dead!" Oh! how sad, how solemn the thought that all alike are subject to the hand of mortality. As the sturdy, venerable oak of the forest is sundered to the ground by the raging storm, so falls the aged man before the mission of death. As the beautiful, lovely rose, just opening its folds, is chilled by the early frosts and frosts of the morning, so are the young made the victims of the destroying messenger. But she lives now—she is happy. She is removed from a world, along the path of which, are many dangers and gloomy hours.—Let her affectionate mother and kind friends, and dear relatives, and loving associates, then, not mourn over her as lost, but let them rejoice, knowing that what is their loss is her gain. T. M. H.

Apprentice Wanted.

A boy about 14 years of age, wanted at this Office, to learn the art of Printing. One who can come well recommended will find a good home and obtain a thorough knowledge of Printing. Apply immediately.

T. & D. GLESNER'S COACH MANUFACTORY.

ARCH STREET, BARDSTOWN, KY. WE beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of Bardstown and vicinity, and of the public generally, to our stock of Coaches, Rockaways and Buggies.

Of every style, which we will sell at unusually low prices for cash, or on short time, to punctual customers. We feel confident that no establishment in the west can furnish better work than we do at the same prices.

We invite all persons who may want an elegant and substantial Coach, Rockaway or Buggy, to call at our establishment and examine our stock for themselves, and we believe they will make their purchases without going to Louisville or any other city, as we are determined to sell low for cash.

As we employ the best workmen and use none but the best materials we will warrant all work done at our establishment. Repairing of all kinds will be promptly attended to on very reasonable terms for cash. T. & D. GLESSNER.

ERRING—Just received and for sale a few boxes Herring. A first rate article. J. M. COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND.

Flour—Constantly on hand and for sale J. M. COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND.

PERSONS—Just received and for sale a supply of excellent Cider. J. M. COLLINGS & SUTHERLAND.

Notice. PERSONS having Medical Books of mine, will please return them, as I have immediate use for them. AL. W. HYNES.

Money Wanted. It is requested of all those indebted to me to call and settle their accounts without further notice. [31] WM. RUSSELL.

